

COBBETT'S WEEKLY POLITICAL REGISTER.

[667]

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEB. 20, 1819.

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COBBETT'S ENGLISH GRAMMAR,

"Intended for the use of Schools and of  
"Young Persons in general; but, more es-  
"pecially for the use of Soldiers, Sailors,  
"Apprentices and Plough-boys."

The third edition of this Work (of which ten  
thousand have been sold) price 2s. 6d. pub-  
lished by T. DOLBY, 34, Wardour Street,  
will be ready for sale by Tuesday next.

ADVERTISEMENT.

*Mr. Cobbett's Second Part of his Year's Resi-  
dence in America.*

In this Part Mr. Cobbett gives an account  
of his very interesting Agricultural Experi-  
ments in 1818, and shows how advantageously  
some American Practices might be intro-  
duced into England; and, under distinct  
heads, he treats fully of the prices of Land,  
of Labour, of Food and of Raiment; of the  
expences of House-keeping; of Servants; of  
Rural Sports; of the Customs, Manners, and  
Character of the People; of Taxes; of Pau-  
pers; of the Government, Laws, and Reli-  
gion. The Public will observe, that the  
whole of this Work is published in America  
also: Mr. Cobbett tells the people to their  
face what he is telling of them elsewhere.

TO

THE REV. JOSEPH HARRISON, AND  
THE GENTLEMEN ASSEMBLED  
AT THE STOCKPORT MEETING,  
ON THE 28th DAY of SEPTEM-  
BER, 1818.

*On the sure means of destroying the  
tyranny.*

North Hampstead, 20th Dec. 1818.

GENTLEMEN,

The *Thanks*, which you were so  
good as to vote to me, at your Meet-  
ing at Stockport, in September last,  
have been received by me with feel-  
ings of peculiar pleasure. It is pleas-  
ing to me, that I should be remem-  
bered by you; it is more pleasing

that I should have been deemed wor-  
thy of your praise, and, it is, above  
all, pleasing to find that you think  
that my exertions have had, and may  
yet have, a tendency to serve our  
country in an hour of peril. There  
are some sentiments expressed in your  
vote of Thanks, which, I think, it may  
be useful to notice in a particular  
manner, and this I will do, first beg-  
ging leave to insert the whole of that  
Resolution, which I deem a mark of  
great honour.

"That the warmest Thanks of this  
"Meeting are due, and hereby given  
"to W.M. COBBETT, Esq. for the  
"many valuable Essays he has writ-  
"ten, and the great services he has  
"rendered since he unfortunately  
"left this his native country, with  
"our assurance, that we should hail  
"the day of his return with heart-  
"felt rejoicing, conscious that he is  
"by far the most able to keep his  
"irritated countrymen out of the  
"claws of that monster he has drag-  
"ged forth, and left naked to our  
"scorn; which monster is now  
"writhing under the smart of retort-  
"ed injuries, and, like the serpent,  
"dying by the poison its angry bites  
"infuse into its own corrupt flesh."

No, Gentlemen, it was not, I hope,  
*unfortunately* that I left my native  
country; for, if I had not left it, I  
am well convinced, that those *Essays*,  
which you are pleased to consider so  
valuable, would *never have been writ-*  
*ten.* It has now happened, that the

tyrants have relaxed a little; but, you were some of you in dungeons, while my Essays were publishing; and, it is not to be believed, that I should, during that time, have been left to the free use of pen, ink, and paper. Indeed, the manifest object of the Bills was to *prevent the publication of my Essays*. I verily believe, that, if I had gone to the tyrants, and agreed not to write any more, they would not have passed the Bills. This was as good as said by the acting tool of the tyrants. They traced the whole of the *stir* to me; they said, while they gnashed their tyger-teeth, that it was I, who had taken the vengeance of the people from Butchers' and Bakers' shops, from Mills and Barns; and had transferred that vengeance to the *proper objects*. Each villain seat-seller could have eaten a bit of my flesh, and dranked a glass of my blood. They were actually expiring under my blows. They knew all this. They avowed it. They openly ascribed all their fears and disgrace to me.

Can it be supposed, then, that they would not have proceeded to use *some means or other* for preventing me from writing? They would not have adopted the dungeon towards me *all at once*. They would have dungeon-

ed many of you first. They would have spread about *tales of horror*. Talked of *horrible designs*. They would, as they did, have alarmed all the rich and timid. They would, then, if they had failed in suborning false witnesses, have first prepared the way by the means of their press, and, at the end of a month, would have shut me up in a dungeon, where I should have been, while their infamous press would have spread about lies against me of all sorts, and while the base BURDETT would have been doing his best to sanction their deeds against me. This would have been my fate; and, what is more, if I had been in their dungeons, those dungeons would not have been opened so soon as they were. Having missed their principal object, they loosened their net.

What *would have* been said by the vile press, if I had been in a dungeon, may be easily guessed from what *was said* by Wooller and Co. when they thought that my writings would never reach England again. How soon *Wooller* and the *Whig* pitched on upon my reputation you saw. Wooller called me *hypocrite, deserter, foolish old man*; and made use of all the means in his power to



destroy, not only my reputation, but *the effect* of what I had done before. He thought to have raised himself upon my murdered name. What, then, would he, and others like him, not have done, if I had been fast in a dungeon? Believe me, my friends, that he, and all such men, and especially Burdett, would have done all within their power to prevent me from ever coming alive out of that dungeon. I had the *hatred* of the Borough-villains, and the *envy* of these wretches to contend against. Burdett, though guilty, was not then *exposed*. His name was great with the mass of the nation. He well knew, that I was enraged at his conduct: he knew that he was dressed up in my plumes: he knew I could strip him at any time: he knew, that, if so stripped, he would be a poor naked bird. My *death* would have left him in safe and quiet possession: and, I verily believe, that he would have done all he was able to do, underhandedly, to effect that death.

All this I knew very well; and, therefore, there was no possibility of continuing the struggle without *retreating*. You are good and kind enough to say, that you regard me as being *by far the most able* to assist the cause. So thought Wooller, and

so thought Burdett; and it was precisely because they so thought, and because *they knew that the people so thought*, that they wished me destroyed. Whatever they possessed of zeal for the cause was wholly eclipsed by their *base envy of me*. I knew, indeed, that some of the villains, who should have sent me to a dungeon would have been *stabbed or shot*, but that would have done little good to the cause at that time, and it might have been attended with consequences that I never could have survived.

If, indeed, I had, as the base Wooller *asserted*, no power and no intention to send my writings to England, the prudence of the act of retreating might have been less evident. But, I have proved, that I had both. I have *proved*, that my retreat was wise as well as necessary. My essays, those very essays, which you deem so valuable, prove, that I had sound judgment as well as ardent zeal.—Much I had done before I left England; but, much more have I done since; and, as you will see, I have *still greater things yet to do*; or, to *cause to be done*!

In my Leave-Taking Address, dated on 21st of March, 1817, was the following passage: “As for me, I shall never cease to use the best of

" my endeavours to save her from the  
 " dangers which threaten her utter  
 " destruction ; and, I hope you will  
 " always bear in mind, that, if I quit  
 " her shores for a while, it is only  
 " for the purpose of being still able  
 " to serve her. It is impossible for  
 " any man not to see clearly, that the  
 " sole choise now is between *silence*  
 " and *retreat*. Corruption has put on  
 " her armour and drawn her dagger.  
 " We must, therefore, fall back, and  
 " cover ourselves in a way so as to be  
 " able to fight her upon more equal  
 " terms. The Giffords, the Southneys,  
 " the Walters, the Stuarts, the Stod-  
 " darts, and all the hireling crew, who  
 " were unable to answer with the pen,  
 " now rush at me with their drawn  
 " knife, and exclaim "*write on!*"  
 " To use the words of the Westminster  
 " address, they shake the halter in  
 " my face, and rattle in my ears the  
 " keys of the dungeon, and then they  
 " exclaim, with a malignant grin :  
 " "*Why do you not continue to write*  
 " "*on, you coward?*" A few years  
 " ago, being at Barnet Fair, I saw a  
 " battle going on, arising out of some  
 " sudden quarrel between a Butcher  
 " and the servant of a West-country  
 " Grazier. The Butcher, though  
 " vastly superior in point of size,

" finding that he was getting the  
 " worst of it, recoiled a step or two,  
 " and *drew out his knife*. Upon the  
 " sight of this weapon, the Grazier  
 " turned about, and ran off till he  
 " came up to a Scotchman, who was  
 " guarding his herd, and out of whose  
 " hand the former snatched a good  
 " ash stick, about four feet long.  
 " Having thus got what he called a  
 " *long arm*, he returned to the com-  
 " bat, and, in a very short time, he  
 " gave the Butcher a blow upon the  
 " wrist which brought his knife to  
 " the ground. The Grazier then fell  
 " to work with his stick in such a  
 " style as I never before witnessed.  
 " The Butcher fell down and rolled  
 " and kicked ; but, he seemed only  
 " to change his position, in order to  
 " insure to every part of his carcass  
 " a due share of the penalty of his  
 " baseness. After the Grazier had,  
 " apparently, tired himself, he was  
 " coming away, when, happening to  
 " cast his eye upon the *knife*, he ran  
 " back and, renewed the basting, ex-  
 " claiming every now and then, as he  
 " caught his breath : "*dra thy knife*  
 " "*wo't!*" He came away a second  
 " time, and a second time returned  
 " and set on upon the caitiff again :  
 " and this he repeated several times,



" exclaiming always when he recom-  
 " menced the drubbing : "*dra thy*  
 " "*knife wo't!*" Till, at last, the  
 " Butcher was so bruised, that he  
 " was actually unable to stand, or  
 " even to get up ; and yet, such,  
 " amongst Englishmen, is the abhor-  
 " rence of *foul fighting*, that not a  
 " soul attempted to interfere, and no  
 " body seemed to pity a man thus  
 " unmercifully beaten. It is my in-  
 " tention to imitate the conduct of  
 " this Grazier ; to resort to a *long*  
 " *arm*, and to combat corruption,  
 " while I keep myself out of the  
 " reach of her knife. Nobody called  
 " the Grazier a *coward*, because he  
 " did not stay to oppose his fists to  
 " a pointed and cutting instrument.  
 " My choice, as I said before, (leav-  
 " ing all considerations of *personal*  
 " *safety* out of the question,) lies be-  
 " tween *silence* and retreat. If I  
 " remain here, all other means will  
 " be *first* used to reduce me to si-  
 " lence ; and, if all those means fail,  
 " then will come the *dungeon*. There-  
 " fore, that I may still be able to  
 " write, and to write *with freedom*,  
 " too, I shall write, if I live, *from*  
 " *America* ; and, my readers may  
 " depend on it, that it will not be  
 " more than *four months from the date*

" of this address, before the publi-  
 " cation of the Weekly Pamphlet will  
 " be resumed in *London*, and will be  
 " continued very nearly as regularly  
 " as it has been for years past."

This promise, at which Wooler  
 affected to laugh, I have, my friends,  
 fulfilled, and, at the same time, I have  
 repaid, by the introduction of great  
 agricultural improvements, the Coun-  
 try which has enabled me to use my  
 "*long arm*." I have used it to some  
 purpose. For, in the first place, Hell  
 cannot be blacker than I have made  
 the Borough-villains throughout this  
 great Country. I have, in no single  
 instance, abandoned *England*. I  
 have uniformly been an Englishman  
 in language as well as in heart and  
 mind. I have upheld the honour of  
 England, while I have aimed deadly  
 blows against her tyrants.

Yes, my friends, have I *not* used  
 the *Grazier's stick* ? The Butcher  
 has dropped his knife ; but, I have not  
 ceased to rib-roast the cowardly vil-  
 lain. This I do, too, while living  
 amongst excellent neighbours, by  
 whom I am esteemed and caressed,  
 and while laying the foundation of a  
 new sort of fame, and, perhaps, of  
 fortune, that no accidents can shake.

You say, that you should *hail the*

*day of my return with heart-felt rejoicing.* Thank you with all my heart! I shall return when I think my return will be likely to be attended with effects the most likely to do harm to the bloody-minded villains, to whom the family of *Riley* have to impute his death. Pray *leave me to judge* as to this matter. If I do possess the influence, which you think I do possess, is it not likely, that I possess the judgement to know what is the most likely way in which I can exert myself with the best effect? Leave my *movements* to me; and, if you see me writing about *black hogs* and *Swedish turnips*, about *mills* and about *broom-corn*, do not suffer yourselves to suppose for one moment, that I ever forget my plighted faith to my Country. It is no love of gain; it is no indulgence in any amusement; it is no caresses of neighbours that keeps me here, separated as I am from all my family but one son. It is a desire to destroy the *Borough-villains, and that desire alone.* It is a desire to see sure and certain and complete vengeance inflicted on the basest tyrants that ever were possessed of public power.

I have watched the progress of their affairs. I know well, that all depends

upon the *Bank-Notes.* I have told you this for years and years; and now you are enabled to determine, whether or not, I am "the *silly old man,*" that the flippant Wooller had the baseness to call me, and that, too, while he was living upon those doctrines and ideas of mine, which he disfigured, without being able to hide. This poor thing, part novelist, part play-spouter, part songster, and part politician, is now, I see, or, rather, was, in October, prating away about plans for making *inimitable bank notes.* So that, if his plans had any thing in them, he would do us all the mischief in his power. Thank him for his good will! But, all he has put forth upon the subject is intolerable nonsense.

I will tell you something upon the subject of Bank-Notes that is *worth your hearing.* It is this; that the Consul at Philadelphia, by direction of BAGOT, Castlereagh's Envoy to America, who resides at the City of Washington, *has applied to Artists at Philadelphia for specimens of inimitable Bank-notes, to be sent to the Boroughmongers' Bank!* This is a pretty sort of employment for Consuls and Ambassadors! A pretty sort of employment for the representative of a king of England! Does not this



show, that the Boroughmongers and the Bank are *inseperable*, and that they *feel it*? A pretty pass, then, the Borough-villains have brought their affairs to, when they apply to American engravers to rescue them from danger! This is the *wisdom* of the hypoerite Perry's "*Great Council of the Nation*"!

Do they want "*specimens*"? Faith, they may easily have them. I will, in a post or two, send a whole parcel to be exhibited at the office of the Register in London. What fools they are! They can get no specimens that I cannot get. They can get no notes made that I cannot get imitated, if I choose; and that I cannot, if I like, have made for a dollar a hundred. Ten thousand of any notes that they can make, I can have imitated for the price of two good fat black hogs; or for that of 200 bushels of Swedish Turnips. And, as to introducing the Notes into England, it is much easier than to introduce a dozen pair of Mr. Waithman's gloves. I have no need to lay out a farthing. I have only to say the word, and the thing is done; and if I had had no feeling for the widows and orphans, whose money the Borough-villains have spent, the thing would have been done long ago!

In Canada there is a regular trade

of making Bank-Notes for the United States! They are called *pictures*, and are sold in bundles by the hundred, or thousand; and, if the National Bank here did not pay in specie, and, if the Debt were not so small as it is, the whole of the funding system here would be blown up even by this *regular trade*, which is carried on for the sake of mere lucre. The Canadian artists, who are, probably, Americans, sell *pictures* of the *inimitable* Notes of the Philadelphia fabric; and, it is quite impossible for people in general to distinguish one from the other. So that, if the Borough-villains depend on the Philadelphia fabric, they are in a hopeful way.

However, as "*specimens*" are to be sent to England, it will be but civil to let us have *specimens* of the Borough-Notes in Exchange. I am anxious to possess memorials of the fooleries of the Borough-villanies. Let me, therefore, receive some of the new notes: that they may produce, if they do produce any. A one, a two, a five, a ten will be sufficient. Let some person send me these as soon as out. I will send them back safely in ten days after their arrival. You see, then, there may be some good reasons for my remaining here a little longer. I mean to have no hand in this myself

There are men enough here, whose fingers itch, whose limbs tremble, whose hearts are ready to bound through their sides to be at the villains. I have set their blood all in a commotion to destroy the ruffians who are trampling on the vitals of their country, who are degrading the king and murdering his people, and whose main instrument is a fraudulent paper upheld by the shedding of rivers of blood.

However, you must not be *impatient*. Nobody can do any thing 'till it is seen what *new* invention the villains resort to; whether they adopt Mr. Wooler's plan, or that of that wise personage, the Editor of the *Liverpool Mercury*; or whatever other place it may be, from the skull of whatever other officious fool. Be *patient*; live, and, if possible, live in *England*. You will, if you be *patient* and *prudent*, see every thing come out right in a *short time*; I mean comparatively short; for what is a *year*, when we are talking about such events!

Have I not *reached* their villainies, then? Do they not *feel* my blows? Will they not *howl* for having drawn their knife? Shall not Riley and Brandreth and Cashman be yet named with honour? Shall the account of

*Jellico* and such men never be audited? Shall not Bolton Fletcher and the Hampshire Parsons and the Pitt-Clubs have their due at last? Be *patient*. Be *loyal*. We have no quarrel with the king, or with his family, or with any thing that is *lawful*. It is tyranny that we would, and that we will, destroy.

They will talk of *paying in specie*. A good *noise* will be made about this. Such monstrous and yet artful lies will be put forth! Believe nothing of it. An approach towards it will lower prices so as to produce scenes like those of 1817. Payment itself, *real payment*, will do the business at once. Pray read again *Paper Against Gold*, and particularly Letter XXV. You will there see it *proved*, that they never can pay in specie *without blowing up the system*. Perhaps they may pay in *part*. In *Silver*; or, in some way to make the payment *cumbrous* and difficult to the receiver. This will answer no end; for, it will only require a few Bank-Notes to be *sown* in order to make people prefer specie payments, even in *Copper*, to payments in paper. In the above-mentioned Letter XXV, you will find some very valuable observations, which were made by SIR FRANCIS



BURDETT in the Bullion Debate. But, let me tell you, that those words, which I quoted as *his*, were my *own*. They made part of a speech, *dictated to him by me*. I have always quoted them as *his*; but, it is time now for me to take back property from this *Shy Cock*; this man, who has, in the most foul and cowardly manner, calumniated me, and, which is a great deal worse, betrayed us all. I will, before I have done with him, strip him as bare as the back of my hand. He never wished to see the fall of the funding-system. By no means. What an exposure of the whole thing he might have made *years ago*! How well he might have prepared the nation for what has now happened! But, he did not wish it. He always, I am convinced, wished the system to be perpetual.

You will bear in mind, that, if payment in specie were really to take place, *Wheat* would be at *three or four shillings a bushel*. The revenue could not then amount to more than about 16 or 17 millions. Indeed it could not amount to nearly so much. For, a great part of the people would be *wholly ruined*. An approach towards this would produce a fine confusion again. And yet, if it be not

done, our *match* may, at any time, be put to the train.

I see, that that surprisingly wise gentleman, Mr. PERRY, has broached the scheme of a *Seignorage*. "What is that?" you will say. Why, it is making the *guinea* pass for *thirty shillings*; or, a thing of that sort, though different in *degree*. Very well! But this is a *bursting of the bubble*. It is a reducing of the interest of the Debt *one third*, and reducing all *interest* in the same degree. This would not do, however; for a *sowing* of Bank-Notes would destroy *all paper*; and then, in order to pay the interest of the debt, the *guinea* must pass for *two or three pounds*! But, long before things came to this pass, the whole thing would be annihilated, Borough-villains and all. Perry calls my scheme, which, indeed, is *not mine*, a *diabolical* suggestion. To be sure! Any thing is, with him, diabolical, which tends to restore to the people the possession of their rights: any thing that tends to the putting down of the Borough-villainy; any thing that tends to diminish the power of the Russells and the rest of the Borough Crew.

I shall not be surprized to hear, that there is somewhat of a *breach*

between the Borough-fellows and the Bank-fellows. The latter *can pay*, if the former will *find the means*. It is the former who are answerable for the amount of the Bank-Notes and for the payment of the *Dividends* also. The lower the value of the paper, the better it is for the Borough-fellows. But, the Bank-fellows may *fear for themselves*. They may lessen the quantity of their paper, and thus create a demand on the Borough-fellows. These latter would throw the Fundholders overboard, *if they dared*. They dare not, lest the Fundholders should drag them over along with them. It is certain that the Fundholders would hang on to the side of the boat, until their hands were chopped off. There will, if things should take this turn, be a dreadful struggle between the parties, and *we*, my friends, with the king, I hope at our head, shall decide between them. Mr. Freemantle, at Botley, was once waiting amongst some bushes to shoot a hare, which he expected to come through a gate. While he was waiting, a cat came and seated herself behind the gate-post. The moment the hare came through, the cat leaped upon her, and a terrible struggle began. Freemantle shot and killed

*them both*. Such, or very much like it, will in all likelihood, be the fate of the Boroughmongers and Fundholders.

You will in the Prince's Speech and in the Newspapers be very regularly amused with the *increase of the revenue*. Now, observe. The amount of the revenue; that is to say, its relative amount, depends, now-a-days, *principally on the quantity of paper-money afloat*. For instance, when the quantity is great and *prices high*, a certain horse sells for *fifty-pounds*. The receipt tax on this transaction is 5s. (or whatever it may be); but if the horse sell for *thirty pounds*, as he will when the quantity of paper is small, the tax is, perhaps, only 3s. Thus it runs throughout the Stamp Duties: and thus it goes on all the way through; for, when money is *plenty*, more of things taxed are *kept and used*, though the nominal price is higher. So that, if the paper were put forth in quantities so great as to make the *bushel* of wheat sell for *five pounds*, it would be *very easy to collect taxes*; but, then, the Fundholder would get only about a tenth part of what he now gets; and all annuities would be in the same state. The *boastings*, therefore, about the *increase*



of the revenue are, in fact, boastings about the increase of the quantity of the paper-money. This is the light in which you ought to view them.

If indeed, the taxes were paid in gold and silver, which has an intrinsic value, and which, therefore, cannot be augmented or diminished at the pleasure of any man, or body of men, then the *increase of the revenue* would be a proof of an increase in the real resources of the nation; for it would arise from an increase in the real possessions of wealth. But, the paper is a bubble altogether. It makes every thing uncertain. Every contract made under a system of paper-money is liable to be violated every hour, by those, who have it in their power to change the quantity, and of course, to change the value of the paper.

Laugh, therefore, I beseech you, when you hear Jenkinson and Harrowby and Vansittart and Castlereagh prating about the *increase of the revenue*, which is no other than an *increase of the paper-money*. Laugh at Perry and Wooller's confused jargon in their commentaries on the boastings of the COURIER. They are hunting about after reasons; they find none that are worth a straw; the Courier

fairly triumphs over them: when, all the while, here are the reasons as plain as one's nose upon one's face. All matters of *finance* are now nothing at all. The whole system of sway rests upon a *fiction*; a false, a fraudulent paper, which nothing can save from destruction. A paper, which has been the means of causing more misery and oppression in the world than all other things put together, within the last half century.

Yet, there are men, who pretend to be *Reformers*, and who call me a *monster* and a *fiend* for pointing out the sure, certain, easy and effectual means of destroying this infernal paper. The *Liverpool Mercury* makes use of this word *fiend*. What? does he wish the system to *last*, then, that he may live upon his railing against it? He has, for a long while, been telling us, that a *tyranny* prevails in the country; that the people are monstrously *oppressed*; and, the moment an effectual mode of *resisting oppression*, and that, too, without the chance of bloodshed, is pointed out, he calls the author of the suggestion "*a fiend*." The truth is, that such men do not, at bottom, *wish* for Reform. They are mere *party men*. They love *grumbling* and *gabbling*:

but, they do not wish for any change that would give fair-play to *every man*.

This scheme is the *touch-stone*. Those who boggle at this, are short of the mark. They have never been sincere. They have thought they were; but, they were not. They have been angry with the tyranny; but they, when they come to consider, find that it has many things that they would not willingly part with. They cannot, tender souls, endure the idea of a blowing up of the paper-money! Just as if any rational man ever expected a *Reform* without such blowing up? How is it to come then? By open war? The conflict is too unequal; more hangings and shootings at least. Besides, would not open war blow up the paper! If Brandreth had marched to Coventry, a pound would not, in any part of England, been worth a shilling. Perhaps, these gentlemen, who are against the sowing of Bank-notes, would wish that the Borough-villains should be *persuaded by argument* to give us our rights. Let these gentlemen go, then, and try their persuasive powers upon any band of robbers in a cave. Let them try to persuade such band to give up its booty.

Oh, no! Never will this Reform come with the *consent* of those who live on corruption. Never will it come, while they can *employ an army*. That is a settled point. And, then, what we have to determine on is, whether there be any means of depriving them of the power of employing an army. And, I am decidedly of opinion, that they always will employ one, and a powerful one too, as long as the Bank-notes will pass current.

I do not say, that a sowing of Bank-notes is the *only chance*; for, I think that the chances are greatly in favour of a blow-up from other causes. I think, that the pretty works of the villains themselves would destroy the thing. But, I do not see, why the people are to wait to see them play their pranks. I do not see, why the thing is not to be done by a blow from the hands of the oppressed. It will be amusing, to be sure, to see how the tyrants will work about with the thing twisted round them. They will be like wasps in a tar barrel. But, I do not see why the vermin should not be trampled on at once. It is satisfactory, at any rate, to view their confusion; to see the state to which they have brought their affairs; to see them



applying, through the channel of their Ambassador, to *American* artists to save them from our vengeance !

Be you assured, that nothing can save them from the effects of a blow levelled at them from this side of the water. Here are all the Bank Note arts in the *height of perfection*. They are wanting in nothing. Any thing can be imitated here, Marks, Paper, Ink : all as completely as possible. All that will be wanted will be *specimens* of what the tyrants put forth. There may be specimens of Country Bank Notes too ; for these are a part of the accursed thing. However, measures will be taken to obtain all these. Rest you satisfied, that the business will be done in *grand style*.

In answer to a friend, who asks me what he ought to do with money that he has in the funds, I say, let him turn it into Portugal Gold, and keep it in that shape. He will, then, have ready money, when the blow-up comes ; and he will, with his gold, purchase an estate four times the value of one that he can now buy with the paper. Wheat will sell for about three shil-

lings a bushel instead of twelve to fifteen shillings ; and, of course, land will be about a fourth of the present nominal price. This is the best speculation that ever man entered into. He is sure to gain enormously, if the blow-up come ; and, in any case, he can only lose a little interest. There is no pity for those who keep their money in the funds after this warning. Executors and Guardians will, doubtless, by a just parliament, be made answerable for the loss of widows and children, if such Executors and Guardians persist in keeping the property of others in a state of such manifest jeopardy. They will plead the Boroughmonger's sanction of their proceedings ; but, I hope, that will not avail them much.

I think it probable that, during the very next session, something will be done, directly or indirectly, to *lower the interest of the Debt*. They will begin with a little, perhaps. That little will be enough, however. It will be the first of a regular series of *lowerings*. It will be a fulfilment of my predictions ; and, it will pull down the funds most delightfully. It will

be an open avowal of the approach of *the end*. When once that measure begin to be talked of, you will hear no more of *Pitt Clubs*. Those gangs of marauders will begin to scratch their names from the list. Bolton Fletcher and the Hampshire Parsons will begin to look sharply about them. Lawyer Cross will have something else to think of than to tell lies about my "Two Penny Trash." Have your eye upon every thing relating to *Bank-Notes*; for, compared to them, all other things are trifles.

In conclusion, let me express to you my satisfaction, that you have, in your proceedings, avoided all attacks upon *the KING AND HIS FAMILY*. It is not that family who oppress us.

The immense sums placed to their account, they do not receive. These sums are, for the far greater part, actually taken away by the Borough-mongers, though they are granted to the Royal Family. Let us be cautious how we talk about changes in the *form* of government. I know much more about this matter than you can know. My decided opinion is, that we ought to stick to our single object: *a reform of the People's House*

of *Parliament*. Let us have that; that is all we need; and that we will have.

If you hear of Bank-notes being introduced from America, say nothing about the matter. Keep quiet, and let the thing *work*. You can never do any good by a premature bustle. Let things go on a little, and, if a crisis arrive always be on your guard against those who recommend *violent measures*; for then will be the time for you to be more cool and patient than ever. Take no vengeance into your own hands, when such a time arrives: leave the guilty to the law of the land; which I warrant you, will overtake them soon enough. Do nothing *unlawful* in any case. Be firm, be considerate, but, at the same time, resolute; and the king and people will be safe; and all but the tyrants and their tools will have cause to rejoice.

In the meanwhile let every man make his *memorandums* as to acts of *tyranny* by whomsoever committed. Keep all pamphlets and paragraphs that come into your hands about any such. If you can do nothing more, note down the book or paper where you have read any thing to be referred



hereafter. Let every man keep an account of what passes in his own neighbourhood; remember *all* acts of tyranny, whoever may be the agent; for every fact of this kind will be of use. *I have a great collection.*

I remain here, for the present, principally, that I may, before I leave the country, know what the Bankers are doing in England. This, probably, I shall not know for a certainty before *May* next, and then I shall have to stop a little to consult as to what ought to be done. If the Boroughmongers *reduce the interest of the debt*, though in only a trifling degree, I strike my tent, and am off at once; for then the game begins. But, let me not act a childish part: let me not go home to come back again: let me not return till I have finished my work here.

I beg of you all to remain where you are, and not come hither. This is a fine country for *farmers and labourers in agriculture*; but it cannot, at present, be good for *manufacturers*; and, indeed, for *artizans*, it is not always good. It is a *farming coun-*

try. Every thing connected with agriculture thrives. But, even in these cases, a removal is not so pleasant a thing. I have just sent home the two last parts of my *Year's Residence*. Those volumes *tell the whole story*; the true story; and they will completely, I hope, dissipate the delusions of Mr. Birkbeck, which have already produced ruin enormous. The last PART, that is, the *Third Part*, contains the Journal of our friend *Hulme*, made during a Tour to the Western Countries. In short, these volumes contain a full and true account of this country. They will, probably, be of the price of five or six shillings; but, one copy may serve a whole neighbourhood. They are a mixed medley of agriculture, gardening, politics, law and religion; but they always keep steadily in view the Borough-villains and their acts of fraud and oppression. They have a great sale in this country; they have produced great effect. They have silenced every partizan of the Borough-infamy. Though written in the strain of an *Englishman to the back bone*; though they never flatter, and very often censure, the people

here; still they have brought their author the friendship of thousands of men of great weight in their several neighbourhoods: a fact not less honourable to the people of America than to me.

Let no one expect to make 'friends here by *disclaiming* and *abusing* England. The act is so unnatural in itself, and savours so much of baseness in the motive, that all good men turn with disgust from the man who is guilty of it. When my American friends laugh at me about the absurdity of *hereditary* titles and offices, I tell them of some of the pretty little tricks that are played here, especially in Pennsylvania. For my part I do not know *what may become necessary* in order to obtain and secure the liberties of England; but, while I am here, I will not seem even to agree to any thing different from the Constitution of England, lest I should be suspected of flattery, and, lest I should be suspected of preferring this Country before England.

*American Apple-trees.* Some gentlemen, in England, who had seen the

account of the *Fall-Pippin* in the First Part of my *Year's Residence*, have written out for *grafts*. A gentleman at New York has applied to me for some for the *Horticultural Society*. I have sent some to my son by the ship *Criterion*, Captain *Avery*. I think it likely, that the base tools of the Boroughmongers may, either confiscate them, or keep them, by their vexatious proceedings, 'till they be spoiled; for, the greediness of taxation is such as to lay hands even on such things. However, if my son be robbed of them, the Horticultural Society shall have more, for *this year*, at any rate. If the cuttings be delivered to my son, before they be spoiled, he has my order to deliver 20 to the Horticultural Society, on a request to that effect, signed by David Wagstaff of New York. The others he will distribute, a few to any of my particular friends; and sell the rest, if he choose, at a shilling, or half-a-crown a-piece.

WM. COBBETT.

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